

The Saturday News

VOL. VI. No. 249

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1911

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

Midsummer is here and there has been no decision on the part of the council in the case against the commissioners. The absence of the counsel for the latter was responsible for failure to take action this week. In the meanwhile the city's business appears to be proceeding fairly satisfactorily and if the mayor and aldermen turn things upside down again by attempting to carry out their original resolve they will lower their own prestige as well as damage the interests committed to their charge.

The last two or three months have served to show the lack of confidence in the council that the majority of the citizens feel. The votes on the by-laws served as quite clear evidence on this point. On the other hand Mr. Bouillon has been able to demonstrate how useful he can be to the city and the council has been forced to admit by its own actions that it requires the assistance of a man of his calibre.

It yielded to his recommendations on the question of a gas agreement with the result that we are likely to have a proposition put before us which will meet with general approval. The change which he has been the means of effecting in the C.P.R. entrance arrangements also stands greatly to his credit, while the attention which he is now giving to the problem of a water supply, forcing this issue to the front, as should have been done several years ago, is fully in line with popular opinion.

If the council should now endeavor to get rid of Mr. Bouillon, it would only have the result of causing confusion. This is very undesirable. A few months of chaotic conditions at the city hall have already hurt the city very materially. But there is no doubt that if this course should be adhered to, the citizens would assert themselves in such a way, whether at a special election caused by the resignation of one of the minority aldermen, or at the regular elections which are only five months away now, as to bring Mr. Bouillon back into office.

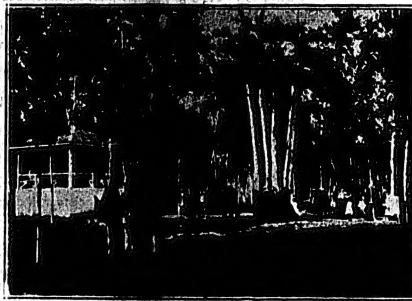
The Saturday News has no means of knowing just what the council's intentions are. But it does hope that the fight will be called off in the interests of all concerned. It has never been one of those who alleged or even suggested that the mayor and aldermen were acting from improper motives in this matter. They undoubtedly had much to aggravate them. Mr. Bouillon has shown quite clearly that he is not an easy man to work with. But his defects are those of temperament entirely. He has shown that he is most efficient and thoroughly honest and the city would probably have to hunt a long while before it could get an adequate substitute for him.

Reference was made last week on this page to the statement of Mr. Usher of the C.P.R. that the problem of getting sufficient labor to handle this year's western crop would prove a stupendous one. It was pointed out that the system under which the farmers of the West have been working was a radically unsound one and that they could not hope to continue it. Their methods must be changed so that they can give steady employment to labor all the year round. They must go in for mixed farming rather than wheat-growing pure and simple.

In any case, there can be no doubt that the country is suffering very materially through their not taking proper advantage of their opportunities. Mr. Lanigan, also of the C.P.R., cited some figures this week which illustrate very forcibly the need for a change:

"Last year," he said, "one firm alone shipped 1000 cars of packing house products to supply the urban cities of the west. The same year \$10,000,000 worth of horses were brought into western Canada from the States. Again between 200 and 300 carloads of mutton were shipped in for the mining camps of British Columbia and a good deal of this came from Winnipeg. Also during the past winter months Winnipeg imported from Dakota and Minnesota \$10,000 worth of milk. Another point to be remembered is that vegetables for Winnipeg and other cities in the west are daily imported from Chicago and the Twin Cities. Potatoes consumed as far west as Revelstoke, B.C., are shipped from as far east as Prince Edward Island. Again fresh beef is being daily killed in the abattoirs of Toronto and no less than seven carloads were in one day brought in. In other words, Manitoba, which boasts of its agricultural wealth, does not produce the stuff to feed its own cities and even the farmers themselves are buying farm produce. Eggs, butter, cheese and honey are imported from Ontario, Wisconsin, Ne-

At The Exhibition Park



A view taken Sunday afternoon during the progress of one of the much-discussed band concerts.

braska and as far south and west as California. The province has developed itself to grain growing until on the older settled points of the country weeds are choking out the produce. Stations which formerly shipped millions of bushels of grain during a season have now dropped to 100,000 and 200,000 bushels while the acreage remains the same. On the other hand, there is no province where the land is more fertile and the opportunities as advantageous as in Manitoba, where Winnipeg is supplying an ever ready market for all the farm products."

Mr. Grisdale, the director of experimental farms, in commenting on Mr. Lanigan's statement, says that the farmers are "content rather with smaller profits per acre and prefer generally to get along with less effort, depending upon their wheat crops for their living, and for their fortunes upon the increase in value of their lands."

This touches the weak spot in our whole economic structure. Mr. Borden and his associates have been endeavoring to stir up the farmers against the reciprocity pact by pointing out that these imports of farm products will largely increase. But there is no indication that they are very much alarmed over the prospect. They could sell at a good profit all of the commodities that we are buying from outside, if they only took the trouble to raise them. This would be true, regardless of whether or not there is a tariff upon them. And if the farmers do not care certainly none of the consumers should.

It is no new thing to be told to look to Denmark for the application of proper ideas in regard to agriculture. But just how successfully these have been carried out there one does not realize until he reads such a book as that which Mr. H. Rider Haggard, who in addition to being a popular novelist, is also a foremost authority on agricultural topics, has just issued, entitled "Rural Denmark and Its Lessons."

Denmark is about half the size of Scotland. The soil is poor and sandy, and the summer so short that sometimes the oats sown one year have to be harvested the next. But the people are sober, frugal and uncomplaining in the land. Mr. Rider Haggard explains how other countries can secure all these advantages. England, he claims, ought to be conquered by the Danes, as our ancestors were in the years when Canute reigned. Then a beneficent revolution would ensue, which Mr. Haggard describes as follows:

"Let us suppose that a few generations ago a new Danish invasion of England had taken place, and that the East Anglian and some adjoining counties had been repopulated, or were dominated, by Danes, as happened in the days of King Canute. In that event what would be the agricultural condition of those counties at the present time?"

"By the working of the Danish laws of inheri-

lance, and of the general customs and instincts of the people, the large estates would be broken up into much smaller holdings. All the fen and other suitable lands would be divided among a multitude of little freeholders, or perhaps of State tenants holding under a perpetual lease. In every county town would be seen the tall chimneys of the butter, sugar-beet, and bacon factories; and in every city great co-operative milk-distributing companies would be established.

"Dotted about the countryside would appear more, many more, farmsteads than are to be found to-day, each of them the residence of a small landowner.

In every one of these houses and in a great number of the small-holders' cottages the telephone would be installed. Also every village of more than a certain size would be lit by electric light, as in Denmark--no small boon in the long winter season.

"The great cottage question, too, now so insoluble, would have been met by the erection, with the aid of co-operative building societies, of a sufficient number of wholesome and suitable dwellings, most of which would be owned by their occupants. The railways would belong to Government, and carry passengers and goods at about one half of the present rates.

"The general prevalence of co-operation would have brought into existence great numbers of local societies, large and small, thus favoring intercourse and mutual trust between man and man. Corn growing would be practised to a considerable extent, especially upon the heavy lands to which it is naturally adapted; but the number of cows and horned stock, and also of pigs, that were kept would be enormously increased. Every one of these cows would be visited fortnightly, not by a Government inspector, but by a skilled person, probably a woman, highly trained in the State colleges, who would test its milk, prescribe the exact proportions of the food it should receive, and if it were, how it should be treated. Moreover, there would be hospitals to which ailing beasts could be sent for a small fee.

In the towns not far from the factories would stand the high schools, to which young men and women would flock to complete the education that they had begun in the State elementary and secondary schools.

"Credit Unions established on the principles that I have described would flourish everywhere, by the help of which the landowner could provide himself, on the security of his property, with working capital at the smallest possible interest. Also there would be Credit Banks for the benefit of small holders and workers of allotments, all of which institutions would receive a certain amount of assistance from the State and be subject to its inspection and audit.

"The Danes look upon their land as a principal means of livelihood and as a nursery, which, above all things, should be consecrated to the upbringing and home-life of a healthy and numerous rural pop-

ulation--in short, as a business proposition in which the nation is most vitally concerned."

Mr. Haggard writes, of course, with the object of arousing the people of the Old Land in particular, but there is a very great deal that he has to say that has application to our own conditions. Our problem is different from that of Great Britain, but we have quite as much need to think over and do what we can to act upon the need set forth in the last paragraph quoted above.

Little hope is held out that an agreement will be reached in the immediate future in connection with the southern coal strike. The statement which Chairman Gordon of the Board of Conciliation made at the meeting in Banff shows how great the difficulties are. He found such a spirit manifested on both sides, which he describes as settled antagonism, due to long outstanding grievances, that he could see little chance that the Board would accomplish anything.

The resulting situation involves hardship of a far-reaching character for the West as a whole. In this part of the country the mining industry is fortunate in not being affected by the trouble, and those engaged in it will be benefited accordingly. But the outlook for the consumers, particularly those removed from the mines, is a dark one. The constant recurrence of these conditions demands some more radical remedy than that afforded by the provisions of the Lemieux Act.

The spirited campaign which publications like the Chicago Tribune and New York Life have been carrying on to bring about a change in the observance of the Fourth of July has apparently had its effect. The holiday is now comparatively "safe and sane." The number of killed this year was 13, as compared with 44 in 1909, while but 294 were reported injured as compared with the enormous total of 2361 two years ago.

That the newspapers can exert a great influence in a matter like this there can be no question. The excesses which formerly characterized the observance of the great national occasion across the line were out of keeping with the general spirit of the age, which, despite what pessimists sometimes tell us, is steadily tending to increased moderation in everything.

It is surprising to what an extent Canadian newspapers follow those of the United States in their glorification of American women who happen to occupy positions of some prominence in the social life of the Old Land. One would think that the whole Coronation festivities revolved around them to read some of the descriptions of their doings in recent weeks. Here are a number of descriptions that accompany cuts of these personages in a well-known Canadian daily:

"The Countess of Grand, whose social race with Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, nee Burns of New York, has resulted in the discomfiture of her rival and her establishment as hostess pre-eminent in the social circles of the Liberal party. The countess and Mrs. Harcourt have long been social rivals, each bidding for the place of official hostess of the Liberals, but it was not until the recent King's birthday dinner given by the countess that London recognised her as leading in the friendly contest."

"The Duchess of Roxburgh, formerly May Goelcke of New York, who has signified her disapproval of Queen Mary's coolness to Americans by tendering the Duke and Duchess of Connaught a dinner far outranking in magnificence that given to King George and his Queen consort. This action on the part of the Duchess is regarded as a direct slap at the royal couple."

"Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, wife of the American Ambassador to England, and known to the elite of London as the \$30,000,000 American Princess, who eclipsed the wealth and fashion of Great Britain with the magnificence of a gown she wore at the recent Derby night party given by the Duchess of Devonshire. The dress was so heavy that Mrs. Reid was completely fatigued at the close of the function."

If Mrs. Reid was half as fatigued as some of those who read of the magnificence of her and her countrywomen she must have been in a bad way. There are some things that we cannot very well avoid taking from our neighbors for the present at least, but there is surely no need for serving up the same class of reading matter through our own press.

What must strike one most forcibly as he reads the various accounts of the Coronation ceremonies is the extraordinary conservatism that is manifested. There has been no modernizing, except where

(Continued on page eight)

CRIPPLE FROM RHEUMATISM

NOW IN PERFECT HEALTH
THANKS TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

VANCOUVER, B.C., Feb. 1st, 1910.
"I am well acquainted with a man, known to thousands in Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster, who for nearly a year was practically a cripple from Rheumatism. He was so troubled with the disease that he found it difficult to even turn over in bed. His heart appeared so weak that he could hardly walk up stairs."

Last June, he received a sample of "Fruit-a-tives". He used them and dates his recovery from that time. To-day, there is no man in Vancouver enjoying better health.

He was building a house this fall and shingled a good part of the roof in a driving rain, without suffering any bad effects."

JOHN B. LACY.
Mr. H. E. Mills, assistant postmaster at Knowlton, Que., also writes: "I honestly believe that 'Fruit-a-tives' is the greatest Rheumatism cure in the world. Try it yourself."
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Town Christeners In Canada's Western Country

(Continued from last issue)

Mr. Arthur Hawkes writes of them in the Canadian Magazine.

In the same district is Lashburn. Who knows anything of law and lawyers in Toronto, knows that Z. A. Lash is first among the eminent when the day's work includes the drafting of charters, the unravelling of tangles, or the separating of shallow reasoning from deep wisdom. He was solicitor, then senior counsel, and all the time director of the Canadian Northern. "Lashburn," suggests some Scotch trait in his character—I mean something even more picturesque than the caniness that every body associates with the modern chosen ones, whether they deserve it or not. I do not know whether Mr. Lash boasts of Scotch blood, but his devotion to Canadian nationality is a tenacious as that of a Covenantor to his creed.

A Crowded Trek to Solitude

Lloydminster owes only the assurance of its prosperity to the Canadian Northern, for the town was here before the railway. It is the memorial of the adventure of the Barr colony; one of the most extraordinary examples in the twentieth century of a crowded trek into solitude that Western Canada, or any other part of the world has seen. Barr brought two thousand English people from the cities in which they were safe, and led them out from Saskatoon, where many of them, buying live and dead stock, were fleeced by sharpers of all nationalities, to make a trip of two hundred miles through an unexplored country, in the spring weather that was only to be desired by the most seasoned packers.

The full story of that comedy-tragedy has never been adequately written. Barr was an incompetent Moses. His people were murmurers—they could not be anything else under such a misleader. He was deposed; and a peaceful Joshua was found in the present Principal Lloyd, of the Anglican college at the University of Saskatchewan.

The colony had to have a centre. It was pitched on meridian 110; and they called it Lloydminster. By a fortune that was not vouchsafed to another clerically-named place, the railway came right to the town, and with its advent, prices of such things as flour, which had been rafted down the Saskatchewan from Edmonton, and hauled southward from the river were cut in two.

A Priest Who Ministered Well

The Canadian Northern transformed and transferred an equally important town on the edge of the eastward tide of settlement from Edmonton. Vegreville had been named after the noble Catholic priest who first ministered to the faithful in that afiretime isolated country. It looked for the railway, even as Lloydminster had done. But, east of the town the country rises considerably; and the necessities of the grade forced MacLeod to bear away from the original Vegreville, which, when I saw it first, contained about a dozen stores and houses. As the town could not bring the rails to itself, it gathered up its skirts and marched to the rails. The new Vegreville is everything a western town should be; and it already has its first branch line, which is this year being completed to Calgary.

Again there is Scofield, so called to express the political affinities of the first premiers of Saskatchewan and Alberta—Walter Scott, who reigns at Regina, and A. C. Rutherford who governed at Edmonton.

The first station beyond the last crossing of the Saskatchewan, is Oliver. Testimony to the popularity with old friends and new which an extreme candour does not imperil, of the Minister of the Interior, who was not so long ago Frank Oliver, of Edmonton, editor of the Bulletin.

Maidstone—Where Mother Went to School

Scattered between Bresaylor and Fort Saskatchewan are a few places whose names are a record of President Mackenzie's first trip over this section of the line, then

under construction. At the end of August, 1905, he took a party to Edmonton for the inauguration of the Provincial Government in Alberta. His guests were Mr. Byron Walker, general manager (now president) of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Mr. C. C. Chipman, the Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company; Mr. M. H. MacLeod of whom, I have spoken; Mr. Howard Kennedy, of the London Times, and another journalist, whose reflections on the prairie country, revisited after many years, were appearing in the Morning Post of the same town.

MacLeod, after the river had been left behind, asking for suggestion for town baptisms. "Maidstone," said the banker; "My mother went to school there."

"So did I," said one of the writing men.

"It's a good name," observed MacLeod, which encouraged the suggestion of two English names—Birling and Kilscoy.

Birling is a charming village in the valley of the Medway; six miles from Maidstone. Kilscoy is the most famous of English cromlechs, just off the road between the Kentish capital and Chatham, where it ascends the hill that gives its chief character to the valley in which Birling is hidden, away across the river.

"Aberfeldy," said Kennedy, of the Times. "My people came from there—a sort of ancestral home, you know."

"I have a place on Lake Simcoe that we call Innisfree," remarked the banker. "It would be pleasant to think of an Innisfree in the West."

Where Better Halves Came From

The talk reverted to the purely domestic. "My wife's maiden name was Borradale," remarked the Commissioner.

"Borrowdale?" said the correspondent, "the same as the valley that opens out from Derwent, close to the Falls of Lodore?"

"No," was the reply; "that was Borradale."

"My wife came from a place called 'Osmundere,'" said the man who had spoken of Birling and the most noted cromlech.

"Mundare would be a good shortened form of that," said MacLeod. "We like to keep down length, when it won't spoil the result."

"A most excellent rule for journalists, also," observed the Times sententiously. "Islay is a short name which has some agreeable Scottish associations for me. What do you think of it, Mr. MacLeod?"

"I will put it down with the rest," answered the chief baptist of the Canadian Northern.

And, when you look over the stations from North Battleford to Edmonton, you will find these names, even as they are set forth in this place; and you may rely absolutely on this record concerning their godfathers and godmothers.

Where Indian Missionary Lived

As to Edmonton, which was introduced to civilization as Fort Augustus, there is much to tell, and very little time to tell it. Its situation is the finest of all cities between Toronto and Vancouver. Its future will justify the same optimists who have invested in its realities. It illustrates once more the ease with which local history may be hidden from those who know, in general, most about it. Dr. McDougall, the famous Indian missionary, who lived in the Edmonton country nearly fifty years ago, and has ever remained in touch with it, never heard of Fort Augustus, until a Toronto man told him of it, while travelling through the Kootenay, a year ago last December.

Old Fort Augustus was built about 1798, by the North West Company, on the north bank of the Saskatchewan River, a mile and a half below the mouth of the Sturgeon River, at the lower end of the present Fort Saskatchewan settlement. It was destroyed by the Blackfeet in the fall of 1809 or the spring of 1810. After a short interval a new Fort Augustus was built, where Edmonton now is, by Mr. Hughes of the North West Company, and was occupied as a trading post until

1821, when the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies united and it was called Edmonton. It is still occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company. The Alberta Parliament Buildings are being built next door to the Old Fort. It is almost certain that there were trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company besides those of the North West Company, both at Old and New Fort Augustus, but the early history of them has not yet been disclosed.

Blood-and-Bones History

The missionary who has been half a century on the plains has spent no time in looking up musty records such as those that attest the existence of Fort Augustus. Dr. McDougall is a living example of how blood-and-bones history has evolved. He is full of red skin lore, and can talk for hours on his personal acquaintance with Indian warfare—the first Mexican saddle he ever saw was taken from a Flathead Indian, who was in a raid upon the Crees in the Edmonton country, the saddle having travelled from Mexican to Indian, all the way from the torrid South.

One example of the kind of history Dr. McDougall carries about with him; and I have finished this gossip. The doctor tells the legend of the Old Man who came from the Pacific over the mountains to the plains. He was of prodigious size. His steps were like unto those of the wearer of the Seven-Leagued Boots. When he came through the Kootenay Pass, into what is now Southern Alberta, and saw the prairie, he was so overjoyed that, as he came into the broad valley below the Pass, he turned to the mountains that had prisoned his eyes for many moons, broke great chunks of rocks from their sides, and threw them round like pebbles until he had made a gigantic circle which remains to this day, a monumental everlasting testimony to his glee at finding a country with room enough and to spare. What the maps call "Old Man's River," which comes down through the foothills and finally joins the mighty Saskatchewan, is the Indians' "Old Man's Playing Ground River."

The Old Man made a glorious progress from the river beside which he played, by way of Calgary and Edmonton, to a place not so far from Bresaylor, leaving immense, indestructible proofs of his march—but that is quite another story—Arthur Hawkes in Canadian Magazine.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

New York Press

A wife seems to take as naturally to potted plants as to babies.

A man learns so much by middle age it's a pity he doesn't also learn to make some use of it.

The reason a man knows he can paint inside the house for his wife is she's so depressed to have him do it.

People are born such optimists that they just go on and on hoping they are going to get something out of life.

There is a kind of man who can get so in the habit of making failures that he expects you to think they are successes.

FROG'S SKIN GRAFTED ON BOY

Something new in the way of skin grafting was accomplished at St. Louis recently, the experiment being made on Thomas Reardon, a five year old youngster. He was severely burned on the leg, and when skin grafting became necessary surgeons used the skin of bullfrogs. The novel experiment was entirely successful.

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Read the 'News'

The Late Dr. Hunter

A Sketch of a Distinguished Clergyman, whose Last Field Labor was in Edmonton

"Veritas" in the Toronto Globe presents this sketch of the character and career of a distinguished clergyman, whose last chore was as temporary pastor of the McDougall church, Edmonton.

In the death of Rev. Dr. W. J. Hunter Canada loses one of her most eloquent, scholarly and distinguished divines. The life and character of this great man are worth analyzing in order that they may be an inspiration and lesson to the rising generation of Canadians, who are perhaps too prone to regard purely material success as the aim of life. Dr. Hunter came of an old and distinguished Irish family. For generations the Hunters had been the leaders of all that was good and pure in Strabane, Ireland. They were wealthy, cultured and educated, and uncompromising Protestants. His great-grandfather fought in defence of Derry, and his descendants have ever been staunch champions of the Protestant faith. Brought up in the old Tory school, a son of John Hunter, a large contractor in boots and shoes to the Family Compact of Quebec, he gradually broadened out with advancing years, and at the time of his death was really a Liberal in politics, and an ardent admirer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

His career at college was a brilliant one, and the professors at Victoria University prophesied a great career for the young student. At a very early age he was sprang into prominence, and at twenty-five occupied the pulpit of the leading Methodist Church of Canada, namely, Old Richmond Street, Toronto. Sunday after Sunday hundreds were turned away, unable to gain admittance to the large edifice to hear the young orator. From that time he occupied the leading pulpit of the Church for over fifty years, and his career in the great churches is probably unparalleled in Canadian Methodism.

While he was a great and distinguished clergyman, he was also a splendid citizen. When the Fenian raid broke out he promptly offered his services to the officer in command of the troops at London, Ontario, and also by every means in his power persuaded his young parishioners to enlist in the cause of Canada and the Empire. He was a prominent leader in the Equal Rights movement, and a personal friend of the late D'Alton McCarthy. On the lecture platform he was a king, and in debate a man with whom few cared to cross swords. It was during the Equal Rights campaign that he broke with Sir John Macdonald; the two had been life-long friends, but Dr. Hunter could not place friendship above duty and principle. From that time on he progressed toward Liberalism, both from a religious and political standpoint.

He was a singular character, looked at in the light of modernism—outspoken perhaps to a fault, a hater of cant and hypocrisy, a lover of truth and justice, tolerant, just, generous, a man whom everybody loved and only the guilty feared. He never mince his words; wrong was wrong no matter who upheld the wrong, and it mattered not to him where the chip fell so long as he thought he was in the right. For every enemy he made he gained tenfold in friends. There was no narrowness in his nature; a broad humanitarian, he sympathized and assisted every movement that has humanity. During his later years he rose high above mere churchism and ecclesiasticism, and he frankly and gladly welcomed the newer and nobler religion of Otherdom, which, in his opinion, was the true philosophy and Gospel as taught by Christ. His generous was proverbial, especially with the Irish, and no man possessing the "loved brogue" ever went empty away from his door.

Dr. Hunter had his faults—who has not? His impulsiveness often got him into a hot corner, but his Irish ingenuity and wit generally enabled him to make a fair escape. His tireless industry, his marvelous energy, his incessant intellectual effort to the end were perhaps faults in one so old, but

they were noble ones. His ambition to serve his fellows was boundless. He would talk of what he intended doing ten years hence, and death never seemed to enter into his calculations. He was a great traveller and had visited most places of interest in Europe and America. Southern California and Florida were favorite winter haunts of his, and he had planned a prolonged southern trip during the coming winter. The last months of his life he had given to literary work, and four works on evolution, higher criticism and God will soon be published and given to the world.

Men of the type of Dr. Hunter do not wear out, they are invariably cut down by the sickle, such a fate befell him. In the midst of his industry and endeavors to do good he was smitten suddenly, and the life which had been so pleasant and which he had enjoyed to the end was blown out in an instant. He had toiled enough," said Rev. Dr. Carman at the beautiful service in the Metropolitan Church, "and God said: 'Come home and rest.'" He was too broad and cosmopolitan to be claimed by any Church or body; he belonged to humanity, and all citizens of this fair Dominion acknowledged him as a brother and a Christian leader. He was not owned by Methodism, but by the brotherhood of mankind. His friendships were many and distinguished. He and Abraham Lincoln were personal friends, and when he dined with the great President at Washington during the Civil War he told him in a long conversation that if he ever had a son he would name him Lincoln. Several years after the war was over a son was born, and that son is Lincoln Hunter, the well known Toronto barrister. Henry Ward Beecher and T. DeWitt Talmage were often guests at the Hunter parsonage. Two of his closest personal friends in the clergy were the late Bishop Carmichael and Bishop Du Moulin. In Montreal the former lived next door to Dr. Hunter, and the two great divines often spent many a pleasant evening together. The three were among the greatest clergymen Canada has produced; they were Irish, and from the same part of Ireland, and loved the "ould sod."

They are gone from us, yet the nobility of their lives, the simplicity of their faith and their great intellectual power and ability remain with us as a benediction and inspiration to higher ideals and nobler sacrifice to the cause which the three loved so well, humanity.

NAMING THE GERRYMANDERS

The gerrymander was christened in 1813 says the New York Independent, although it must have been in operation long before that. A staunch old Federalist, Gov. Eldridge Gerry, controlled through his Legislature the redistricting of Massachusetts under the census of 1810.

In the office of Benjamin Russell, an ardent Republican editor, hung a map of the State as newly subdivided by Gerry and his men. Gilbert Stuart's ready pencil whimsically added to the outlines of a grotesque district the wings and tail of a dragon.

"It is," he said when he had finished, "How's that for a salamander?"

The Republican Russell growled:—

"Better call it a Gerrymander."

And American politicians have taken his advice.

TAXED FOR DIAMONDS IN HIS TEETH

An unusual incident happened at Baltimore the other day. A lone passenger on a fruit steamer which arrived from Port Antonio, Jamaica, was Mr. Robert Ginsberg, who has been making a commercial trip to the Isthmus of Panama. All his front teeth were studded with diamonds of 1-4 karats and heavy gold settings. Mr. Ginsberg, carrying a fortune in his mouth, had to pay \$18 duty to the customs authorities upon articles that he thought could be imported free of charge.

BERNARD SHAW

Mr. Bernard Shaw's retirement from the journalistic lists was signalized by his marriage to Miss Charlotte France Payne Townshend, who nursed him back to health and strength—and matrimony—after a serious accident. "I was very ill when I was married," Mr. Shaw once wrote, "altogether a wreck on crutches, and in an old jacket which the crutches had worn to rags. I had asked my friends, Mr. Graham Wallas, of the London School Board, and Mr. Henry Salt, the biographer of Shelley and De Quincey, to act as witnesses, and of course, in honor of the occasion they were dressed in their best clothes. The registrar never imagined I could possibly be the bridegroom; he took me for the inevitable beggar who completes all wedding processions. Wallas, who is considerably over six feet high, seemed to him to be the hero of the occasion and he was proceeding to marry him calmly to my betrothed, when Wallas, thinking the formula rather strong for a mere witness, hesitated at the last moment, and left the prize to me."

Shaw is the quintessence of vital energy. He rushes hither and thither, from one task to another, with a feverish almost frenzied activity. He has a country house in Hertfordshire. When I asked him why he selected it, he took me over to the old English church, redolent of mystery and sanctity, and pointed to the inscription on a tomb near by—"Jane Everley. Born 1815. Died 1895. Her time was short." "I thought," said Shaw, "that if it could be truthfully said of a woman who lived to be eighty years that her time was short, then this was just exactly the climate for me."—Review of the Revue.

A QUESTION OF ANATOMY

(George Clarke Holland, in The Canadian Magazine)

One other incident in connection with the Senator from Woodstock is worth mentioning. All who visit the Parliament buildings are attracted by the portraits of the Speakers, which hang in the corridors. Every Speaker during his term has his portrait painted, and it is added to the long row of portraits in the corridors. Sir David Macpherson, instead of following the custom of the House and providing the conventional portrait showing the head and shoulders, supplied at his own expense a full-length portrait of himself in his robes of office. He was a very large and well-proportioned man, as anyone can see if he will stand before the life-size portrait of his stately figure in the front corridor of the Senate. Mr. Alexander seized upon this departure from the custom of the Senate as an opportunity to worry his enemy. He rose to a question of privilege and called attention to the innovation, charging the former Speaker with having been influenced by vanity and a desire to make himself conspicuous. He wound up by demanding that the portrait be cut in two and only one-half of it retained. It didn't matter which half, he said, but if his own judgment would be accepted, he would prefer the lower half, because the portrait showed well-developed calves, and he thought on the whole they were the best part of Sir David's make-up. Newspapers hostile to the Senate took the question, and the fame of the portrait was spread abroad, with the result that you could always find a knot of curious visitors gazing upon it when the Senate was open to tourists. Mr. Alexander retired from the Senate soon after the incident, and Sir David Macpherson did not long survive him, but to this day the famous canvas is an object of interest to sight-seers who remember the hot time it created in the Senate long years ago.

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History of The Derby

Fittingly has the Derby been called "the race of surprises." Intensely dramatic was the unexpected victory of the very moderate Jeddah, which earned undying fame by being one of the two Derby winners which romped home at 100 to 1 against. Curiously though, out of the hundred and thirty odd Derbies which have been run, a dead-heat has only occurred once. That was in 1884, with St. Gatien and Harvester. The former, after winning the Cesarewitch, was sold for £15,000 to go abroad, while the latter, utterly failing to maintain its Derby reputation, exchanged hands for 150 guineas.

More fortunate was the late Duke of Westminster's Flying Fox, the hero of 1899. In the same year that animal secured the St. Leger, the Two Thousand Guineas, and a number of minor events, earning for its lucky owner stakes to the amount of £49,096. All told, the late Duke possessed no fewer than four Derby winners.

Probably the English Turf never had a more staunch supporter than the late Sir John Blundell Maple. Yet it was never his good fortune to own a Derby winner. Scarcely had Common passed the post in 1891 before Sir Blundell bought him for £15,000. It happened that a representative of a foreign Government was in England for the express purpose of purchasing the Derby winner, and promptly made an offer of £5,000 in excess of what its new owner had paid for it. The answer was characteristic of the man. "Common," he said, "is an English horse, and in England he shall remain."

Perhaps the greatest Derby winner ever foaled was the undefeated Ormonde, which was sold by its breeder, again the late Duke of Westminster. Sir J. Blundell offered £27,000 for it, which offer was refused for that of a Californian millionaire, who secured Ormonde for £30,000.

In this respect, it is interesting to recall that Diomed, the winner of the first Derby, was sold for £50 to go to America. A remarkable case was that of Sir Huyo which beat La Fleche by a short head in 1892. Eventually he was sold for 100 guineas. George Frederick, the winner of 1874, was sold, after many vicissitudes, for £65. Silvio, after changing hands for £7,600, had shortly afterwards to be shot owing to breaking a limb.

As we have said, this great classic has been called "a race of surprises." It is not often that a horse is run, as Scythian was, in 1853, for the specific purpose of knocking over another horse which proved to be the winner, this being West Australian. The story goes that Lord Derby, after the race, questioned Butler, West Australian's jockey upon the incidents of the event. "He came to me once, my lord," remarked Butler, referring to Scythian and his jockey, "and then he cross at me a second time; but when he came at me a third time I see at last what he was up to, and I says to him 'You—young devil, if you comes at me again, I'll knock your—heyve out!' But he did not come again and West Australian was first to pass the judge's eye, one bookmaker alone losing over £50,000 over the victory.

But the Derby is full of romance. The story of Mr. Chaplin, for instance, has become almost as great a classic as the Derby itself. Did not the unknown and unnoticed Hermil beat the

Society. Discovery favorite and bring its owner £140,000? "In the sad-ding-enclosure before the race, he walked about, disregarded by everyone," says Mr. Chaplin. "Personally, I was afraid he would break a blood vessel going up the steep hill at starting; but barring that, I was confident that he would win. I backed him again at the last moment at the long odds of 60 and 70 to 1, although I could not induce anyone to follow my example.—Modern

MRS. BILLIE'S BABY

Harold Susman

"Before I was married and had a baby of my own," said Mrs. Billie, "nothing used to bore me so much as other women's babies."

"I know," said Mrs. Van Mar-

tyr. "It seemed to me that all babies were had enough to have to look at, but were even worse to have to listen to," said Mrs. Billie. "Quite so," said Mrs. Van Mar-

tyr. "And when they were 'shown off' it was worst of all. I used to go 'goose flesh' when that began," said Mrs. Billie.

"Me too," said Mrs. Van Mar-

tyr. "But then the average baby is an awful thing. And, even though I do say it as shouldn't, my baby is not an average baby," said Mrs. Billie.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Van

Mar-tyr. "In the first place, Augustus doesn't look like an average baby, does he?" said Mrs. Billie.

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Van

Mar-tyr. "And in the second place, Augustus doesn't talk like one, either," said Mrs. Billie.

"I believe it," said Mrs. Van

Mar-tyr. "I just want you to hear the way he imitates the animals," said Mrs. Billie.

"Imitates the animals?" said Mrs. Van Mar-tyr.

"Yes, all the animals," said Mrs. Billie.

"Good gracious!" said Mrs.

Van Mar-tyr. "It is wonderful," said Mrs.

Billie. "It must be," said Mrs. Van

Mar-tyr. "Just listen to this," said Mrs.

Billie. "Augustus, how does the

box-wow go?"

"Blah! Blah!" said Augustus.

"See!" said Mrs. Billie. "He

knows!"

"Wonderful!" said Mrs. Van

Mar-tyr. "Augustus," said Mrs. Billie,

"how does the pussy cat go?"

"Blah! blah!" said Augustus.

"Augustus," said Mrs. Billie,

"how does the doll parrot go?"

"Blah! blah!" said Augustus.

"See!" said Mrs. Billie. "He

never makes a mistake!"

"Wonderful," said Mrs. Van

Mar-tyr. "And now the hardest of all,"

said Mrs. Billie. "Augustus, how

does the choo-choo car go?"

"Blah! blah!" said Augustus.

"See!" said Mrs. Billie. "Isn't

it marvelous?"

"It certainly is," said Mrs. Van

Mar-tyr. "But the choo-choo car

reminds me that I have to catch

a train. I must go. I am not

surprised that you are proud of

your child. As I have said, he is

-- er -- wonderful. Good-bye,

dear."

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Billie.

"Good-bye, Augustus," said

Mrs. Van Mar-tyr.

"Say good-bye to the lady, Au-
gustus!" said Augustus.
"See!" said Mrs. Billie. "Isn't
that cute? He knows that, too."

"Why don't you show a little
ambition, Slithers?" asked Blinks.
"Go in and make a reputation for
yourself!"

"What's the use?" said Slith-
ers. "I'd no sooner make it
than these old ladies on the piazza
here would tear it all to pieces."

A group of workmen were ar-
guing during the dinner hour. A
deadlock had been reached when
one of the men on the losing side
turned to a male who had remain-
ed silent during the whole of the
debate.

"Ere Bill," he said, "you're
pretty good at argument. What's
your opinion?"

"I ain't a-going to say," said
Bill. "I thrashed the matter out
afore with Dick Grey."

"Ah," said the other artfully,
hoping to entice him into the fray,
"and what did you arrive at?"

"Well, e-ventually," said Bill,
"Dick 'e arrived at the 'ospital
an' I 'e arrived at the police sta-
tion!"



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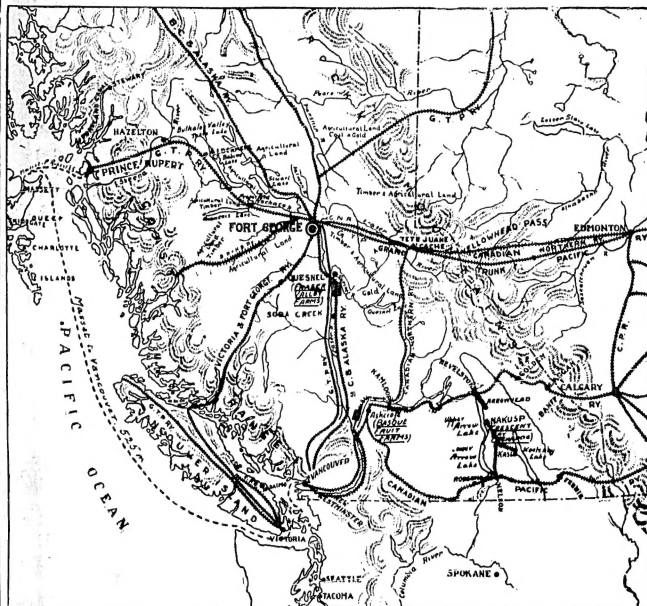
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SOLE AGENTS



I have chaffed you, dear profession. But you know that I am proud Just to walk in the procession As a super in the crowd; Proud indeed if, in the jumble, I may just be numbered thus, As a true, however humble, "One of us."

Everyone seems to have had a regular Arabian Nights sort of time of it over in London this last month. Not an English paper that has come over for weeks past but has been crowded and bulging over with accounts of the magnificent functions that would take place in connection with the Coronation ceremonies.

With sensational descriptions of two balls given respectively at the Savoy, in aid of the Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund, and a second at Claridge's, by two gay and popular men about town, Lord Winterston and Mr. F. E. Smith.

With vivid word pictures of perhaps the most remarkable theatrical offering ever given in England, when Mr. Arthur Collins presented an all-star cast of Lord Lytton's "Money," before such an assemblage of Royalty. Wealth and Beauty as even Drury Lane can never remember.

The descriptions read like fairy tales. Indian princesses sailing around, ablaze with jewels, and mysteriously veiled; all sorts of distinguished Somebody's arriving here and hobnobbing at this or that centre of interest.

Most Superlative Duchesses giving most superlatively magnificent dinners and balls; shops jammed to the doors with eager buyers; Masters and Mistresses of Etiquette wrestling in prayer with Nouveau aspirants for Court honors; Dressmakers and Milliners turning out such gowns and hats as never were by land or sea; crowds flooding the streets to catch a glimpse of a Kaiser or a Princeling. Oh, such an excitement generally as would give one an indigestion for a month.

One or two Coronations in a lifetime, one would imagine, would be quite sufficient for any ordinary being.

In all this there is no mention of the heart-burnings and jealousies, the nerve-rack to officials in charge, and such small trifles, as always attend such ceremonies. The Duchess of Marlborough "not expected to be present," but there all the same—same. She had to go as "a mere spectator."

Somebody would hear of this later on you may be sure. Others of the late King's vivacious intimates consigned to the back rows, while the present monarch's discreet friends held specially reserved seats to Westminster Abbey. Just a little bigger social Edmonton, same old problems, the difference being in degree.

It all makes entertaining reading at a distance. But, Praise be! the Lord was merciful when he was arranging his human Chess Board, and made thousands of little pawns to balance one lone King and Queen.

Can you imagine a drearier role than that assigned Queen Mary during so long and trying a month? No privacy, no rest! No times for her children. No anything but continual "dressing up," continual smiling; state dinners, and perfunctory ceremonials.

But as much as I have been interested in the doings of Royalty, I have been even more fascinated with the pictures and references, to people who imagine they vie in interest with the Bigger Fish in the Sea for the hour.

Faithfully they have been served up to us. "Stunning Lady Seftle as she appeared in the Row

for an early morning bracer," the lady bursting out of a Skare-Harem, and with a face like the last rose of fifty summers since. "Blanche, Countess Smithereens, who became a dream of a pale blue moon sweetly at the Savoy ball."

If Blanche's friends were kind they would suggest that there is an age-limit for people who can wear pale blue frocks.

"Lady Bath de Bath" as a Turkish dancer at the fancy ball held at Claridge's recently.

Lord Bath de Bath is suing for a divorce, small blame to him. For further particulars consult the character party of his wife.

Stout parties in hideous confessions described as "one of our ultra-smart leaders of society, in a magnificent toilette she wore at Epsom."

Old boys and girls who ought to be preparing for Heaven, apparently logged out to realize what little they can of it on earth. Not a picture hardly, but holds a smile in it, and a sigh that the bulk of mankind should like to appear so foolish. One paper says:

"There is much talk as to the pick-me-ups, liquid and solid, which will be needed by peereesses and others on the day of the coronation. Most of them will arrive early, the hours will be long, and self-denying ordinances are most unwelcome. In 1902 our friends pinned their faith to Plasmon biscuits, meat sandwiches, and chocolates, and dainty flasks were taken filled with port wine, hock or claret. Indeed, there was a whisper of liqueurs and even brandy. But nine years bring many changes in diet fads, and strict temperance is a craze of the moment. There are now all sorts of curious tablets of condensed food which are neat, portable, and perhaps sustaining. And the flasks of today will most likely be filled with lemonade, ginger beer, or some such sprightly mixture. Even in old times people seemed to need nourishment at a coronation. The late Lord Gwydyr used to tell a funny story of how at the crowning of Queen Victoria he threw up chicken legs wrapped in paper to some of his women friends in the galleries. Today we are more reserved but we stand equally in need of sustenance."

Despite "the craze of the moment," I imagine some of the Old Stagers at least, stick by the 1902 menu. I never heard even a total abstainer claim that ginger-ale was stimulating. It is almost like moving "in the best circles" oneself, is it not, to even read of all the gay doings, and if one's bread and butter is more concerned with crops than courts, that doesn't imply that a little jam, once in a while, is not a welcome addition.

"What I Told My Wife" is the title of a new book to be published shortly. Needless to say it is classed as "fiction."—"The Teller."

I might add also, that "needless to say," the word "book" is a rank misnomer, unless you call one of these miniature pocket-edition publications by so ambitious a name.

"What most men tell their Wives"—that is outside of what they really don't mind telling them—you could write on a post-card. On a picture post-card at that—in the space said to be reserved for "correspondence only" although no one has ever found room for more than the address.

Now were the title "What His Wife Told Him" you might look for some really first-hand information.

There is about the average wife a confidence, beautiful that no husband could hope to emulate

it. Not only will she give him unhesitatingly of her confidence, but frequently a bit of her mind into the bargain. He generally needs and deserves it.

The sequel to "What I Told My Wife" will shortly be written by Her, and will be called "A Pack of Lies."

It will deal with some of those frequent Masonic meetings he has attended, and the insistent demands by telephone, for his immediate presence at the office "after hours." It will tell a pretty tale of his devotion to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," as evidenced in his unflinching attendance at keeping appointments to see various men about dogs. It will draw a vivid picture of his interest in his wife's hobby-antiques, accompanied by an illustration of him in the act, say about 2 a.m. of testing the hands of the grandfather's clock.

About the time his wife desires his presence at a multi-struggle, you will find him, poor dear, without so much as one dress shirt to his name.

Chapter ten is even less encouraging. How he is reduced to the extremity of not knowing where he is going to get the price of her Easter bonnet.

But the last chapter all ends merrily. His Wife Tells Him one or two things he forgot to tell her, or else got mixed in the telling of. There is a scene—with, however, the inevitable epilogue, "she folds him in her arms." All is forgiven. And the sequel to "A Pack of Lies" is "He Gets Wise."

Recurrence

All this I have done before, At another time, in another place, But a time like this, and a place like this, And there, just opposite, smiled your face.

Then I laughed, as I laughed just now, And told you the whole of the hazy dream, And you shook your head, as you shake it there, Here stood the coffee, here the cream.

I knew you would rise (but the act is past, And foretelling after's a tame affair); I knew you would pluck that pansy leaf, And—so—wring your wrists and shake your hair.

Would you but help me—see, I am calm, No frenzy shakes me, no madness moves.

Lend, for a space, all your mind's full strength, And walk with me slowly these stiff, strange grooves.

What we two, in our unity, Might accomplish—unclear—ere the day be done! Burrowing backward, till—who can tell?

We might gain, thro' long ages, the Will of One.

Confess—you are frightened! Well, enough! Shall we pretend I was dumb—never spoke—eh?

That all is as ever it was? (there's the problem!) Come! let us up and finish our croquet.

If going away does nothing else for a man it sends him home with eyes new-opened to the joys and "dearness" of home.

"Dearness," I coined for the occasion, because it expresses just what I mean better than any other word that I can lay my hand on.

In many ways perhaps the term preciousness would do as well. But in the new phrase "preciousness" is included, and a little something, intangible but important, added. It means that while my home may not be a beautiful one, judged by many standards, to me it is the loveliest spot on earth.

As I told you before, this is the house of my dreams. Since reading the poem at the head of this article I have rechristened it. It is now "The House of Recurrence."

So years ago I saw this home that was to be. The desk of my dreams is here. The big cheery window that stretches out over space, and day by day and night after night, unfolds for one the joys of the Universe. The river flows here, and in its rush and motion caters to that adventurous streak in me, that will not be

always satisfied with a stationary prospect, however glorious.

I love the river. I love the unending companies of green trees that are everywhere marshalled against the sky-line. I love the sounds of this house on an hill. The little winds that croon around the corners; the unending peace of it. I love the nights when we gather round the wide cheery grates, and the Big Father Wind blows up a gale, and the rain beats its mad tattoo.

There are so many window-dreams for it to beat upon here. This a house of moods—moods and senses. I am a creature made after its own heart.

"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky The deer to the wholesome wood."

And to the woman of as many vagaries as myself, a house after this pattern, where our hearts can beat in time.

Inside! With what new love-opened eyes did I not come back to it.

I think I have never tired of it. Never, never once. But 'as things lived with day after day, and year after year, lose for a space, perhaps, their flip or interest, so as to freshly awakened senses are new beauties constantly unfolded.

It is well for a space to take to the road. To go away, if only for the sake of coming back. To bank a little less on propinquity and give absence a little chance to add a zest to appetite, to gain perspective.

I would have all married people take a holiday alone once or twice a year. The experiment would save a lot of divorce suits.

I have a notion that most people are too easily contented. There are higher things to strive for in life than rest. Let rest come when the spirit is worn out, but Oh, Lord, give me the joy of battle while I have the heart and will to keep up the fight.

To be satisfied with one's lot

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or life is no virtue. There are too many satisfied folk in the world. What we need to learn is to be dissatisfied, for that means that we will work to realize something better.

If only the clergy could wake us from this apathy of this letting well enough alone, they would have to build new churches to house us all, and if men and women, husbands and wives took occasional holidays from each other and a look at the world from a new vantage point, they would come back to their home and work with fresh heart and a better realization of the "dearness" of home and their respective home circles.

Some saucy, discerning man wrote the Punch, recently. You will have had the same experience frequently, and be able to appreciate it accordingly.

A Haunting Face

"My physiognomy has never struck me as being in any way commonplace. Yet it is extraordinary what likenesses are seen in me by enthusiastic acquaintances, and even friends. There are few people among those it has been my privilege to meet in life, who have not at least one close relation, cousin, step-father, or what not, of whom I am the very living image. Disinterested persons have also traced in my expression characteristics suggestive of great men in the present and the past, e. g. Lords Rosebery and Haldane, Bonaparte and M. Pellissier. Nobody, curiously enough, up to the time of writing, recognized any of my features in Cromwell's head. But I am young yet.

Well, the climax came a few nights ago. I met a really charming woman, who in due course put to me the now familiar question: "Who is it that you remind me of so much?" I promptly tendered her a catalogue of the celebrities and others I have at various times resembled—but none would satisfy her. A sudden thought made me pause, and, in my turn, I regarded her with a searching look. Yes, the face was undeniably familiar. I felt a conviction that I had sat out a dance with that face somewhere in my historic past. As I gave her the answer to her question my eyes sparkled with an affection she must have considered hard to explain. Here, at last, was one who had seen in me some resemblance to a passing fancy, no doubt, but still some resemblance—to myself!

WHAT IT WOULD BE

He was a huge man of the navy species, and as he stood in the witness box counsel eyed him dubiously. He knew he would be a hard nut to crack—a very hard nut, indeed.

"What we want to get at," he began, "is, who was the aggressor?" "Eh?" said the witness, puzzled.

"Let me illustrate my meaning," said counsel. "Supposing that I should meet you in the street and strike you in the face. I would be the aggressor."

"You'd be a fool," said the witness, with growing emphasis.

"No—no," said counsel, with heightened color. "I was speaking in abstract. Suppose we met, and without provocation I struck you I should be committing an act of aggression."

The navy hunched his huge shoulders.

"You'd be committing suicide, mister," he remarked grimly.

"You may sit down," snapped counsel.

COIN COMES BACK IN 20 YEARS

The first 50-cent piece he ever earned was handled for the second time the other day by Frank Woods, a hotel proprietor in Oil City, Pa. A guest presented the coin in paying his bill. Woods recognized the coin by his initials, which he had cut out in twenty years ago.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



Last week I referred to a foolish statement in the Winnipeg Telegram that only once had a cricket batsman made a century in each innings of a match. This has been done frequently. But word comes from England of something in this line which has never before happened. Mr. C. J. B. Wood, the dashing Leicestershire batsman, made over a hundred runs in each innings and in neither did he lose his wicket, his score in each being the same, 107 not out. The match was against Yorkshire, which won, despite Mr. Wood's performance.

Mr. Wood occupied the wickets eight hours forty minutes in the match, and during the whole of that time made nothing like a mistake and played practically every ball in the middle of the bat. It was a feat of wonderful skill and endurance. For his second innings Mr. Wood was batting four hours and ten minutes, or twenty minutes less than at his first effort, and he hit a dozen 4's.

Mr. Wood has also equalled Mr. W. G. Grace's record for Gloucestershire against Kent in 1895. In that match Mr. Grace was on the field while every ball of the match was bowled, scoring 257 and 73 not out. Mr. Wood by carrying his bat through both Leicestershire innings has equalled this record.

The following from an article in the London Daily Mail by Lawrence Woodhouse, the well known writer on sporting topics is of interest to many besides those who follow cricket news, in that it serves to illustrate the difference between the attitude of spectators at a game in the old land and in America:

That there is a great "boom" in cricket, this season, Mr. Woodhouse writes, there can be no denying. One has only to visit Lord's or the Oval to observe this, and the enthusiasm is not confined to London only, for in the Midlands and the North the county cricket matches are drawing splendid "gates."

It may be urged that the glorious weather that has prevailed so far this season has much to do with this. Of course it is a factor, and an important factor, in the enjoyment of the game, but I do not think that this is the most important. Rather am I of the opinion that the increased popularity of our national game is due to the fact that the players themselves have altered their methods and are playing for their side rather than for themselves.

Some experiences which came under my notice during a tour I have just concluded in the Midlands and the North of England convince me that this is a fact. In Leicestershire, Nottingham, and Sheffield alike cricket was the chief topic of conversation, and each day the county ground was excellently patronized, the most noticeable features being the inrush of busy people who only enjoyed an hour's leisure during the day and preferred to spend it watching cricket.

The followers of cricket differ widely in one respect from the heretics of football. It is a well-known fact that if League football clubs suffer a number of reverses their "gates" dwindle away to nothing. The home team must win or it will lose all patronage. In cricket this is not the case, or, at any rate, to nothing like such an extent. If the home team play good cricket, even though they be defeated they will attract the spectators. In football success is essential; in cricket, as in "Hammlet," the play's the thing. Leicestershire supplied a good instance of this. The county side is really a very fair one. There is plenty of good bowling, which at times reaches a high standard, and there is unlimited enthusiasm.

For some reason, or other, however, Leicestershire has failed to win a game this season, yet on the occasion of the Leicestershire and Kent match there was an excellent attendance; and from start to finish the fortunes of the game aroused the keenest interest.

During part of this game I was sitting on the top of the members' pavilion, and just behind me were half a dozen farmers from the district round, who had driven in to "town" nominally to attend market, but who had slipped off in the hopes of seeing their county "put it about" Kent. In this they were disappointed, for Kent won in most dramatic fashion; but this in no way damped the ardour of these enthusiasts. Their joy was unbounded when Shipman, the brawny Leicestershire bowler, started "slogging" Blythe, the Kent "wizard." One stout and elderly person shouted with delight until he appeared in imminent danger of apoplexy. "Go on, my beauty; that's the way to deal with him," he roared in a voice that carried to the uppermost ends of the ground. But when Shipman, with a mighty blow, landed the ball on the top of the ladies' pavilion our old friend was simply left, speechless. It was too much. Words would not meet the case; so he turned and dealt his neighbours body-shaking blows on the back, which they in their joy returned. Here was pure delight in sporting cricket.

It must not be imagined, however, that these worthy farmers, who were typical of the Leicestershire crowd were only capable of seeing the virtues of their own side. On the contrary, on the next day, when Blythe had Woolley, the Kent bowler, dismissed the whole of the Leicestershire side in nine overs in the second innings their appreciation and enjoyment were almost as great. They chuckled with delight as they noticed how Blythe entirely bamboozled the batsmen and how the fielders crept in and caught the ball almost on the batsman's bat. Here most of the batsmen's bat. Here were real cricket and matchless skill, and though their own side was soundly thrashed, the worthy sportsmen left the ground vowing they had seen a proper match. Both sides had played keenly from start to finish; that was good enough for the spectators. The home team had been defeated, but they had "played the game." What more does a sportsman require?

London Truth makes this capital contribution to the philosophy of golf:

"The Mayor of Stocum Pogis has no idea of the difference between himself and the Lord Mayor of London; and the crack batsman of his civic team merely regards himself as unequal to Hayward because of lack of opportunity. Golf, on the contrary, teaches humility and thankfulness for success. Whoever heard a batsman say, 'It was his own bad stroke that got him out? Very seldom, I trow. The golfer may complain of his bad luck, but he knows and says ninety-nine times out of a hundred that his own mistakes are the cause of his misfortunes. Wherefore it comes to pass that the great golfers, professional and amateur, are as a class the least conceited men that can ever be met. The ups and downs of the game in their own circle are such that they are humbly thankful for success. The veriest tiro, after his first struggles are over, soon learns the bitter lesson that there is a mystery too great for him in golf, and he becomes a humble worshipper. When he has worked to the glories of an eighteen handicap, he thinks he is coming on. But there is the badge of his incompetency. He has licence to play, and he is taken at his market value. He years to be a four man, scratch or plus are beyond his ken. And one day he sees one of these, his little gods, in the throes of struggle and anguish, fearful that he has lost the form that he has worked so long to win, and as he watches this suffering and pain he is thankful that he has less to lose than this great player. The crack bat comes into the pavilion annoyed at kicking his bat when he is out for a duck. The rabbit of the team makes sixteen and considers himself a Jessop. Golf teaches a man his place in the world."

(Continued on Page Eleven)

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THE DAILY PAPER

Toronto Star Weekly

The great editor—the outstanding figure—is disappearing from journalism, and chiefly because one man cannot make a modern newspaper. The daily paper has become a product which an organized army of men produce. No living man could in the time allowed, even if he did not write a line, read and approve the contents of each day's issue. The copy pours in with such a rush from so many sources at the last moment that nobody in a newspaper office can possibly know all that is going into the columns. When an editor reads his own paper he gets news that surprises him sometimes, and it is possible that, at times, it may be the same with opinions. It becomes necessary to work out an organization in which the heads of a dozen departments will co-operate.

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked the seedy-looking wanderer at the gate.
"Poor old sailor?" echoed the lady at work at the tub.
"Yes! I followed the wotter for sixteen years."
"Well," said the woman, after a critical look, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it."
Then she resumed her labors.



"Hello! old man, how is it you are not out enjoying a drive?"

"Well, the truth is, I can't find a suitable outfit—although that of yours is a peach—where did you get it?"

"At Horner's Livery, corner First and Clara streets, and say, if you're going out on a Sunday afternoon, be sure and order your outfit early, and if Horner can't give you an outfit that pleases you—I say you can't be pleased, hat's all."

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There were two actresses, both very beautiful, but the leading actress was thin. She quarreled one day at rehearsal with the other lady, and she ended the quarrel by saying haughtily: "Remember, please, that I'm the star." "Yes, I know you're the star," the other retorted, eyeing with an amused smile the leading actress's long slim figure, "but you'd look better, my dear, if you were a little mealer."

Home and Society

La, la, la, what a dreary week socially we have had. Everyone going away and no one coming to in their places. In my private capacity it suits me tip-toply, but what am I going to do at all, at all for items to fill a society page?

Of course from now on, praise be! men and women are more taken up with keeping cool, and hieing them away to some pet resort by the water, than they are with tea and frocks. Everybody who is able to raise the price, or spare the time, is already gone. Only a few or the more conscientious of us remain. Conscientious is a good word. And yet there are worse places than Edmonton to spend the summer. If some one would mend that slit in the sky, or else provide one with an Ark, life could be made very pleasant just now at the Capital.

While people are roasted alive (literally) in Toronto, and down East, up North-west here, the days are delightfully cool.

Almost nightly Mr. Walter is running excursions up the river, and the Golf links from early morn till dewy eve are covered with enthusiastic players. Most of them—men and women—have had dozens of drenchings this week, but they must be quite mad on the game, as no one seemed to fly to cover.

Mrs. Scott gave the tea on Saturday at the Club House, but only a scattering of members showed up, due to the beastly wet day.

I hear of little excitement in prospect. The ladies of Christ Church are giving their postponed Strawberry festival and garden party this Thursday evening. Mrs. Marriott had a small but most enjoyable Five O'clocker in Strathcona on Wednesday afternoon. On Friday last, Mrs. Mowat Biggar entertained at a smart little dinner in honor of Mrs. Jackson, Toronto. Mrs. Harry Evans' mother, Mrs. Frank Blackburn, of 14th street, is entertaining at the tea hour this Friday for Mrs. Will Blackburn of Chicago, who, with her husband, arrived on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blackburn on Saturday last. Miss McCulla, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. John McCulla, of the King Edward, left for her home at Brantford on Thursday.

Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Harry Cooper's sister, who has been a much feted visitor, left for her home in Vancouver on Tuesday.

The following account of the wedding of a very popular Edmonton boy appears in the Ottawa Journal of June 28th.

Mr. Douglas has shoals of friends at the Capital, in Calgary, and Banff, who will unite in wishing him and his bride all the good luck and happiness possible.

On their return from their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Douglas will occupy Mr. Howard Douglas' flat in the Rene Lemarchand Mansions, while Mr. and Mrs. Douglas are summering in the mountains.

DOUGLAS—WRIGHT

"A quiet wedding took place at a quarter past nine o'clock this morning at St. James' Church, Hull, when Miss Luella Mary, third daughter of the late Lieut. Colonel Joshua Wright and of Mrs. Wright, was united in marriage to Mr. Thomas Clifford Douglas, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Douglas, of Edmonton.

"The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Smith, of St. James, only the immediate relatives being present. The church was prettily decorated with a profusion of greenery and cut flowers and potted plants.

"The bride was given away by her brother, Captain Gordon B. Wright, of the Royal Canadian Engineers, Halifax, and was unattended. She wore a very smartly tailored suit of pale grey cloth, simply made, with a short coat opening over a dainty blouse of white marquisette embroidered in coral shades. Her hat was a pretty white mohair faced with black velvet and trimmed with pink nixon, and a white feather mount and she wore a corsage bouquet of lilies of the valley.

"After the ceremony the party drove to Mrs. Filley Lord's residence where the hostess, who is a cousin of the bride, gave a most delightful wedding breakfast.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas left on the 10.45 train for Toronto en route to their future home in Edmonton.

"The only guests from out-of-town were the bride's brother, Captain Wright, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Proctor, of Brighton, the latter a sister of the bride."

Mrs. Fred Booth accompanied by her son and daughter, Mr. J. H. and Miss Lois Booth and Miss Lily McGee arrived in Edmonton on Wednesday, and will spend the summer on the farm Mr. Booth has recently purchased from Mr. Adamson, on the Fort Trail.

Miss Kitty Haycock, who has visited at the Capital before, and has many friends here, was also with Mrs. Booth's party. After spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Tom Davies, she will join Mrs. Booth's house party.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dawson, Miss Dawson, of Petrolia, and the Misses Dawson left on Thursday for their cottage at Gull Lake.

Mrs. Cautley and her two little daughters left on Thursday morning to spend the summer at Sechart, B. C.

The Boy Scouts left for their postponed camp bright and early on Thursday morning. They will be gone ten days.

Mrs. W. Campbell and Miss Campbell of Woodstock, arrived early in the week to spend a summer holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Thompson of Bickerdike. Mrs. Campbell, by the way, is a daughter of the late Col. Ingersoll of Woodstock, one of the old 'gentry' of that aristocratic settlement, and is also a niece of the Canadian heroine, Laura Secord.

Mrs. Duncan Smith was the hostess of a jolly little dance, on Monday evening, in honor of her guest, Miss Worthington of Sherbrooke, Quebec.

Mrs. Barford and her small family are the latest filters to the Edmonton colony at Gull Lake.

Miss Phyllis Barnes had a tiny "telet" for girls on Tuesday.

Miss Barker left last Saturday to spend her summer holidays at the Coast. En route she will visit her sister, Mrs. Burroughs, of Kamloops.

Mrs. Rolfe and her family, accompanied by Miss Geach, leave next week to spend the summer at Victoria, where they have taken a furnished house.

Victoria is claiming more and more summer visitors from the Capital. Mrs. Blythe and her family being among some others who leave shortly to spend their vacation in that most lovely spot.

The Misses Murphy are the guests of Mrs. Bishop at her cottage at Gull Lake.

A great many callers dropped in on Thursday afternoon at Mrs. Sommerville's cosy new home on Victoria Ave., to meet her daughter, Mrs. Habersham of Seattle, and enjoy a quiet chat over the tea cups.

Shortly we will have three Mr. and Mrs. Soars in Edmonton, which is where care in the matter of initials comes in. This month Mr. and Mrs. Henry Soars, who have been visiting in England for a year past, return, and will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Soars, who will also take up their residence here.

Mrs. Henwood was the hostess of a jolly little dinner party on Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, and Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Mays being the invitees.

At Mrs. Marriott's pretty tea in honor of Mrs. Habersham of Seattle, on Wednesday, Mr. Jas. Douglas poured tea, and Mrs. Jamieson served the ices.

The hostess looked very sweet in a charming gown of white marquisette, embroidered in colors, and Mrs. Habersham wore a smart pearl grey tailor-made with a modish black hat with ospreys.

Among those who went over from Edmonton, were Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Barney Cooper, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Mays and Mrs. Ghiselin.

As there is little local news, I thought you would like to hear how their Majesties entertain at Buckingham Palace. Thus may I forestall some of the returning Edmontonians' tales of the lavish manner in which King George and Queen Mary did them honor. Besides, who knows, some day you or I might—but why speculate? Be prepared.

Their Majesties have given recently a number of private dinner parties, and will give several more during the season. The invitations to a private dinner party at Buckingham Palace seldom exceed twenty-five excluding those issued to the members of the household, and to be the recipient of one is the ultimate hope of the socially ambitious, but it is an honour that comes to comparatively speaking a few. The invitations to a private dinner party though sent out by the Lord Chamberlain are in the case of those sent to the intimate friends of the Queen usual to follow by a personal note from her Majesty expressing a hope that the recipient will be present at the dinner.

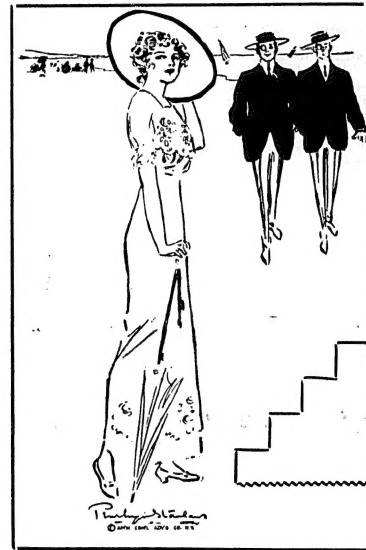
The dinner hour at the palace is now fixed both in the case of state and private dinner parties for 8.30, which is half-an-hour earlier than was the case in the late reign. The guests are expected to be at the palace ten minutes before the dinner hour. They assemble in what is now the White-and-Gold Drawing-room, but which in the late reign was known as the Blue Drawing-room from the colour scheme of its decorations. A few minutes before 8.30 an enquiry announces to the guests that their Majesties are about to enter the room, when everyone rises, curtsying and bowing as the King and Queen enter. Their Majesties acknowledge the greetings of their guests and then at once lead the way to the beautiful Chinese Room, where dinner is generally served unless the party is a very large one. The King and Queen with other royalties that may be present and the equerries and ladies in attendance on them with a few of the guests sit at a round table in the centre of the room, whilst the remainder of the party occupy tables at either side of the royal table.

Among the most frequent guests at the royal table are the beautiful Marquise d'Hautpoul, Lord Revelstoke, Lord and Lady Farquhar, the Marquis de Soveral, Lord and Lady Iveagh, and others who have the honour of being intimate friends of their Majesties. The guests who are to sit at the table with the King and Queen are informed by an enquiry before dinner that it is their Majesties' wish that they should sit at their table, and on entering the dining-room they are ushered to their places by some of the grooms who wait at the King's table.

(Continued on page 11)

SCOTCH SABBATARIANISM

Looking out of the window used to be an indictable offence on the Sabbath. In 1709 the Kirk Session of Edinburgh, "taking into consideration that the Lord's Day is profaned by people standing in the streets, vaguing in the fields and gardens, as also by idly gazing out of the windows. It is ordered that each session take its turn to watch the streets on Sabbath, and to visit each suspected house in each parish by elders and deacons with beadle and officers, and after sermon, when the day is long, to pass through the streets and to reprove such as transgresses and inform on such as do not refrain!"



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a little applied each day prevents sunburn and makes the skin soft and white. Don't come home burned black. Take a bottle with you. Price per bottle 25c.

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A world of comfort in an old shoe when the weather is blating hot. Think it over, at least take expert advice before throwing them away.
Gent's shoes sewn on from 75c. a pair.
THE PROGRESSIVE SHOE REPAIR CO.,
— Fifth and Jasper.

The Saturday News

SECOND SECTION

THUS
with the utmost comfort you have real economy. Ladies especially note this, we are saving others dollars. Why not you?
THE PROGRESSIVE SHOE REPAIR CO.,
— Fifth and Jasper.

VOL. VI. No. 29

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1911

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Investor

Mr. George Harcourt is credited with the statement that the Alberta grain crop will show an increase of more than 100 per cent. over 1910.

Mr. Harcourt is surely erring on the side of moderation. The crop correspondents some weeks ago reported a 70 per cent. increase in acreage and as last year's yield per acre was less than half that in the ordinary year, we should do very much better than a 100 per cent. increase with the prospects ahead of us.

The extraordinarily heavy rains of the past week have given assurance that the crop will not suffer on account of lack of moisture, but what is now wanted is plenty of sunshine to bring an early and a bountiful harvest.

The large immigration of the present year is due to the fact that though 1910 did not see first-class results in Western Canada, it was very much better than in the States. This year, with the outlook so bright here, it is very far from good in the neighboring country.

Western Illinois, a land flowing with milk and honey, literally, under ordinary circumstances, has felt the horrid blast severely. The Mississippi all but went dry, and the Missouri ran slimy. Branch streams disappeared; only an occasional favor of rain showed verdant. Down in the realm of King Cotton the blighting hand of drought fell equally hard, and along the South Atlantic most vegetation shriveled. The dry-year forecaster has become loquacious, and signs pointing to a long continuance of these conditions have been rescued from the storehouse of the past. Agriculture has been styled a bet on the weather. This year it is gambling of the rankest kind.

An eastern man went to Texas not long since and criticized it critically and otherwise. "All this country needs is water and good society," retorted a resident. "The same handicap that affects the infernal regions," was the reply.

Meanwhile the back-to-the-farm movement has been checked. Dry-farming has acquired a deal of unpopularity that will not soon be discarded. Even the Dakotas are involved. The wave of settlement that filled up the country between the Missouri river and the Black Hills during the past half-decade is uncertain whether to stay or recede. How superior Western Canada is to that region is now abundantly demonstrated. Some years ago, it is related, an Iowa man went to western South Dakota and attempted farming with the usual results. He returned to Iowa with his personal effects and family in a box wagon drawn by an attenuated team. Tethered in the rear was an invalid calf.

"Where'd you get that critter?" he was asked.

"That calf has a history," was the reply. "I had half-a-section of land out in South Dakota and traded a quarter to a man for that calf. When it came to making out the deed I found he couldn't write and stuck him with the whole half section."

The feast of good cattle packers have been enjoying for months is disappearing. Eight-cent bullocks are predicted. A 7-cent transaction is likely to develop at any minute. Quality and weight no longer handicaps a steer at the market. Dry weather has sent a long procession of scallywag stuff drooping to the stockyards, and materially reduced the summer beef tonnage.

The Edmonton statistics for June all showed a substantial increase over the same month last year. The per cent. increases were: bank clearings, 73.2, customs duties, 99.4, building permits 53.5, stamps sold, 29.6 and

homestead entries 21. The street railway revenue went up eighty-three per cent.

During the past six months of 1910, 1546 persons came to the immigration hall. This year there were 2572.

Work is progressing on the ready made farms which the Duke of Sutherland is establishing at Clyde, on the Athabasca Landing branch of the C.N.R., for the benefit of his old country tenants.

A five-stall addition is being made to the C.N.R.'s Edmonton round-house.

The Swift Canadian Company despatched a special train of 14 cars with goods for Dawson City this week. When the railways are completed through from Edmonton to the coast, practically this trade will be looked after from this city.

Mr. Frank Cockshutt of Brantford recently purchased for \$75,000 or \$750 per front foot the southwest corner of First and Mackenzie. The report that this is intended for the Cockshutt Plough Co., is not likely to prove correct, as Mr. Cockshutt is not active in the management of that concern. The fact that a man of his standing in the eastern financial world has become interested in Edmonton property to the extent that he has, is, however, of no little significance.

The sale of the northeast corner of Jasper and Fourteenth, lots 78 and 79, is reported, the price named being \$30,000.

Tenders have been called for a three storey hotel, to be erected by the Northern Hotel Co., at the corner of Rice and Namayo, at a cost of \$100,000.

The death took place in San Francisco last week of John McKane, a former resident of British

Columbia, who had a meteoric career in the financial world. He left Rossland "broke" ten years ago after mining had taken a decided slump. Less than two years later he was riding on the up-wave of prosperity, a millionaire partner in the big operations of Charles M. Schwab of Pittsburg in the new gold camp of Goldfields, Nevada. It is said that he secured a "grub stake" to visit Nevada from a Rosslander, who had known him in more prosperous days. Mr. McKane hailed from New Brunswick, where he entered the services of the Merchants Bank of Halifax, now known as the Royal Bank of Canada. His advancement was rapid and he filled several managements of branches in that province. There he married and later resigned and came to the Kootenays during the first boom days. He acquired various interests in Rossland and the Slokan, but never made any big money. He was an ardent Conservative and was an unsuccessful candidate for Dominion parliamentary honors for Kootenay riding, being defeated by Mr., now Chief Justice Gallihier. The party was disorganized but Mr. McKane single-handed put up a strong fight. He left Rossland in company with Dr. Edward Bowes, who also cleaned up a large fortune in the Nevada camp. Mr. McKane found conditions in the south well adapted for an individual of an aggressive character. It is said that he bonded many large propositions simply on his nerve and at a period when even old-timers did not see the great possibilities of the camp. In less than three months after this feat he enlisted the backing of the millionaire, steel operator, who advanced large sums for development work. McKane was nothing if not sensational in all his actions. On one occasion he persuaded his partner to return east via Vancouver. They chartered a special train for the run across the continent by the C.P.R. A two hours' stop was made in Winnipeg, where the new millionaire invited former Kootenay friends to lunch with Schwab. Later the two mining men quarrelled, costing McKane, it is said, a

good portion of his fortune. He resided several years at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, his doings furnishing material for the yellow journals. He was featured as the millionaire who once gave a chef \$1000 for broiling a lobster to his taste.

Mr. McKane bought a palatial home in New Brunswick before making an extended stay in Scotland, where he was credited with aspirations for parliamentary honors. Five years ago he was the owner of two St. John newspapers. His last visit east was made several years ago, when he entertained very lavishly. He was then on a tour around the world. Mr. McKane is said to have lost most of his money in unfortunate investments and recently came West in the hope of making another stake. He had many poetical elements in his composition. It was his favorite hobby to recite Scottish poems in the presence of intimate friends. Generous and impulsive with a veritable mania for politics he will be kindly remembered by friends who knew him in early Rossland days before Nevada's wealth made him a millionaire.

Canadian Finance has these very pertinent remarks to make: Vancouver labor officials, backed up by agitators from the United States, declared a general strike on June 1st unless the closed shop principle were recognized. They vowed that they would "lie up the town." The employees of the B.C. Electric Railway, however, refused to join in any such strike, and the plan failed dismally. The employers and the public were not seriously affected. Indeed the main result has been that the unions are badly discredited. The public is not likely to distinguish good and bad, but imagines that men like Pettipiece are the accredited representatives of all the men. As a matter of fact, most union men were satisfied with their wages and considered the suggestion of a general strike sheer idiocy.

But the lesson of Vancouver's strike for the closed shop needs to be read by both labor and employers all over the West. The danger of allowing labor organ-

izations to be run by irresponsible men whose sole desire is to destroy the existing state of society and to replace it with a chaos of their own making is obvious. Vancouver was able to withstand the pressure, thanks largely to the excellent sense shown by the electric railway men. Labor unions must more clearly recognize that freedom brings with it certain responsibilities, unless the bitterness of Los Angeles and the ruinous strike of San Francisco are to be introduced into our prosperous West by irresponsible agitators. Let labor get rid of the parasites fattening on the life of real unionism, and elect men who are responsible, men who have families and property, and not mere vapid orators whose sole stock-in-trade is "the gift of the gab." Canadian organized labor lies in the long run done best for itself where it has not yielded to trans-border domination. The paid agitator and revolutionary socialist is about the worst enemy of labor. It is possible for labor to overreach—and to its own undoing. Unduly high labor costs (resulting from the compulsory payment of first rate wages to even third-rate men) mean an increasing cost of living for the efficient laborer.

The Montreal Herald says: Prince Rupert is no place for pessimists, and so far as is known there are none there. After reading of what plans are afoot for the spending of millions on productive works in the place, there is no need to wonder that the seven or eight thousand people who are there already see their city larger, more prosperous and more populous than Montreal, or that they value their real estate at prices which make Montrealers ashamed of their own modesty. Nevertheless, it takes a lot of heart and a deal of imagination to be an optimist in Prince Rupert. What of it isn't rock is muskeg, and what of it isn't muskeg is rock. The two are not distributed on any plan that makes for the convenience of humans, for you can't get to the rock without crossing the muskeg, and when you are on the rock you haven't

much room to move about. The ultimate answer of the Prince Rupert optimist to this challenge of nature is to blow down the rock and fill up the muskeg. Meantime he gets about on plank platforms for roads and sidewalks awaiting the better day. Another foe of the optimist is the rain. Some pessimist of the early day remarked that "when it rains it never stops," but the optimists who have stayed on add that "when it stops it never rains." The harbor, there can be no doubt, is a body of landlocked water wonderfully effective for the purpose. The largest ships can moor right alongside the shore, with only a very few long piers to carry the dock platforms. And one of these days, beyond doubt, the little town will be an emporium of trade between continent and continent. It will be, in its turn, what San Francisco and Vancouver have become. It can't rain there so very much more than it does at Liverpool or at Manchester, where people contrive to live in splendor and work in comfort. And its present population, as ardently Canadian an aggregation as can be found west of Sydney, will deserve the reward they are almost certain to receive for their display of pioneer courage.

The question of the C. P. R. shops is still agitating Medicine Hat and Calgary and other towns are beginning to take notice. A despatch from Taber telling of a visit made there by Supt. Price says:

"Naturally the question of the C. P. R. shops was mentioned, and Mr. Price was asked if Taber stood any chance of landing them. He said that as Taber had not put in an application for them, it was hardly likely that they would come here, though it is quite possible that they will be located in some place which has not made application, as no decision has yet been reached as far as he knew. The Board of Trade will likely take up the matter of getting in line for the shops right away; we might as well try anyway. We stand as good a chance as many other places. It would not take much to make Calgary sit up and take notice."

Asked for a statement in regard to Macleod's contention that the C. P. R. was negotiating with Macleod for the location of their shops, Sir Wm. Whyte said to a Winnipeg reporter:

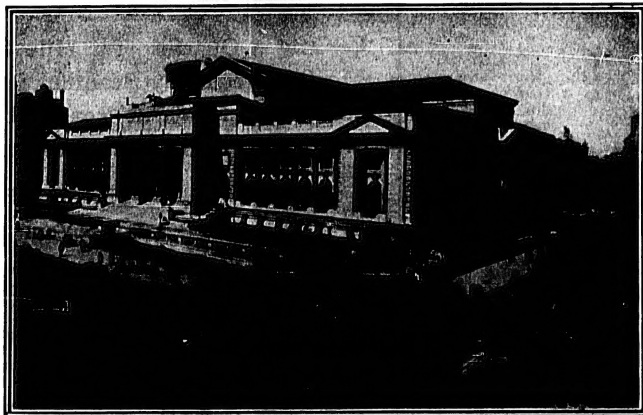
"The mayor of Macleod wired me with respect to the location of the Alberta shops, seeking placement at Macleod and asking for an interview. I have informed him that it would be much more economical in repairs of engines and cars if the shops were located upon our main tracks, but I would see them if they wished to press their claim."

It has not been suggested up to the present that the C.P.R. shops might be located north of Calgary. But there are not a few signs that eventually the main traffic of the C. P. R. will go through to the Pacific via Edmonton. It is not building a million and a half dollar bridge into the city for the sake of Edmonton traffic. It will undoubtedly continue its Winnipeg-Edmonton line through to the coast by one of the northern passes through the Rockies. These offer so much easier grades than those to the south that it is quite conceivable that most of its transcontinental business would come this way.

Winnipeg Town Topics makes this comment on a recent case of decided interest in real estate circles there:

"Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of the lawsuit, Wolfson vs. Oldfield, Kirby & Gardner, when the courts are through with it, the immediate results are very regrettable. According to the facts submitted as evidence and the judge's finding, the plaintiff in this case was not dealt with as he should be. The defendant com-

(Continued on page eleven)



NEW YORK'S MAGNIFICENT PUBLIC LIBRAR

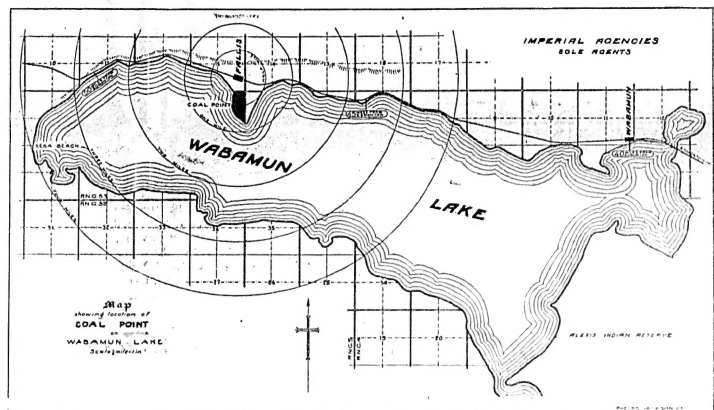
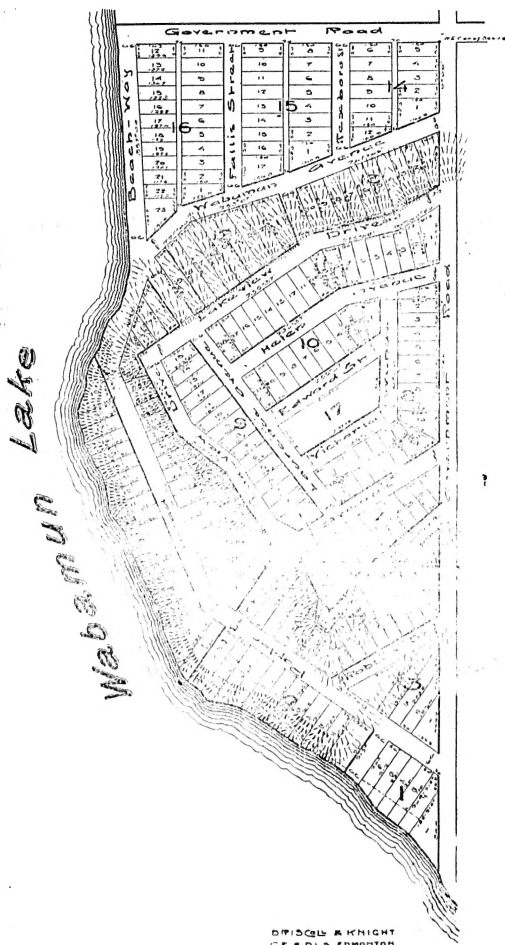
This impressive palace of books was opened to the public recently. The building, which fronts on Fifth Ave. and extends from 40th to 42nd Streets, contains the accumulated collections of the Astor, Lenox and Tilden libraries.

WHERE WILL YOU GO

When the Hot Days Come and You Must Get Away From the City and Enjoy Country Life Again? Decide Now, and Procure one of These Lots in the Ideal Summer Resort, the

"BEAUTIFUL COAL POINT"

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Only a Quarter of a Mile From Fallis Station, the Most Refreshingly Beautiful Spot at THE Lake. Lots are Now on Sale at Reasonable Prices and on Terms of ONE-THIRD Cash; balance in One and Two Years.

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We will locate you among your friends; some of our most popular and prominent people have already made their reservations. Don't be behind. Come and get in with the SET.

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the location of "COAL POINT" with other resorts and note the proximity to Fallis Station.

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Only a limited number of these valuable acre lots left in this beautiful subdivision. A glance at the location, out on First Street, just outside the city limits, and right in line with the city's growth Northward, quickly shows why an investment out here will be a sure money maker. LET US TAKE YOU OUT TO-DAY.

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637 FIRST STREET

For quick returns
buy in
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Call and see my list of this property before buying elsewhere

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Edmonton

WHEN IN DOUBT

National Blend Coffee

FRESHLY ROASTED

GROUND DAILY

15 Blends to choose from

The National Blend Tea Co.

PHONE 2753

COR. FRASER & HEIMINCK

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD

(Continued from page 7)
Rain all last week and all this week a struggle to divide honors with the despised tail-enders from Saskatoon. Such has been the recent fate of the White cohorts. Certainly those who said that the league was again to be a fight between Edmonton and Calgary, with the rest nowhere, have had their reputation as prophets badly damaged. First Calgary and now Edmonton has taken a big slump. The southern city has recovered itself and there is no doubt that the capital will, but it's a bold man who will venture to say quite positively where the pennant will rest.

The National is seeing a wonderful struggle between Philadelphia, Chicago and New York, with St. Louis and Pittsburg decidedly dangerous. This week's series of games between New York and Philadelphia were critical. Mathewson, the great, bit the dust twice. In one game his opponent was the young fellow who has been widely proclaimed as his successor in the role of the world's greatest pitcher, Alexander, who has now close to twenty victories to his credit. He and Earl Moore are calculated to land the pennant for Philadelphia. Meanwhile the Athletics are doing well in the American and it would not be surprising to see the world's championship fought out in the sleepy city.

Wolga's victory over Moran was not unexpected, but its completeness shows what a terrific fighter the young American is.

Jimmy Fitzgerald, the former Edmonton runner, is coming back to Canada from New Zealand this summer.

Harry Vardon is open golf champion of England for the fifth time. He and Braid, five times champion, and Taylor, four times, are a wonderful trio.

COVER POINT

The Investor

(Continued from page nine)

pany has enjoyed a reputation against which no one would listen to a breath of suspicion. But from the facts of this case the public cannot but come to the same conclusion as the judge, who says: "I find, on the facts, that the defendants, Oldfield & Co., led the plaintiff to confide in them as his agents to get the best price, and to allow them to close the bargain on his behalf, without disclosing to him that they were simultaneously acting for and advising, the Real Estate Investment Company in the purchase. I hold that this was a fraud on the plaintiff."

The above is very strong; but what other decision could he come to? Judges often read facts in a way that is not understood clearly by the lay mind. In this case, however, there does not appear to be any difference between what the judge thinks is correct according to the letter of the law and what common honesty would decree. The plaintiff, from Liverpool, where business men have their wits sharpened by contact with men from all over the world, regarded the defendant company in this case as his agents. He expected that in handling his property they would use all their skill to get him as high a price as possible for the property listed with them. In thinking thusly he had the right idea. Every reputable agent in Winnipeg handling property placed in his hands for sale deems it his duty to get the biggest possible price. This case, however, discloses a case where an agent was advising an owner he represented, and at the same time represented the buyer. In the one case he should have advised and used his skill to get a big price, and in the other to get the lowest price. On the one hand the buyer was right on the spot and knew just what was taking place; what chances the property had of advancing in value and the developments taking place that would affect it. The seller depended upon his agent to advise him with regard to these. But the seller personally discovered that he was not being advised as he thought he should be, and the judge holds that the treatment accorded to him "was a fraud."

A case of this kind will do Winnipeg no little harm. Many of the houses here are young; they lack the prestige which long years of practice brings, but they hope to acquire it by adhering faithfully to the trust which clients repose in them. The dishonor brought upon the city by this case will bring other houses under review by outside investors. Mr. Wolfson has taken a thoroughly British stand. All that he wanted was a square deal, and that he will fight for. The redeeming feature of the whole thing is that Mr. Wolfson finds Canadian justice as direct and summary as that of the old land itself. He will have the sympathy and support of public opinion in Winnipeg as well as in Britain. The real estate business in Winnipeg will for many years be a commanding one, and will always be an extremely important one, and for that reason all reputable agents will welcome the elimination of practices not strictly in accord with fair play in the exercise of fiduciary relationship.



No Explanation Needed

Husband (late at office last night): "My dear, have you seen my boots?"
Wife (sweetly): "Yes, love, they are on the hat rack."



Barber: "Excuse me, sir, but would you please stop reading that ghost story till have brushed your hair down?" M.A.P.

Home and Society

(Continued from page 8)

King George, unlike his father, plays the part of listener rather than talker at the dinner table. The rule, by the way, that no guest should touch on a subject in conversation that had not been first introduced by the royal host or hostess is now out of date and is no longer observed. As a matter of fact it was not for several years past observed at Marlborough House. Clever and amusing anecdotes about prominent people find favour at the royal table provided the stories are not ill-natured, but the story-teller must be brief and his tale must be pointed and well told. The King and Queen at a private dinner party are always addressed as "sir" and "madam," and never as "your Majesty."

Mrs. T. M. Grindley and Miss Grindley reached Douglas, Isle of Man, on June 17th, their arrival being opportunely timed for the Douglas Jubilee Celebrations which have been carried out in brilliant style, and lasted for two weeks.

I have received an announcement of the marriage on June 28th, at Summerside, Prince Edward Island, of Mr. James A. McKinnon, of Edmonton, to Miss Irene, daughter of Mrs. John A. Sharp.

There has been, almost, one might say, an epidemic of our young bachelors journeying East for their brides of late, which means that this winter we should have a very gay season, with a great many added beauties at the teas and dances.

Mr. McKinnon is known to almost every man, and his homecoming should be a very happy one.

Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon will occupy Mr. Wright's charming little bungalow on the brow of the hill at 15th St.

Follows an account of the wedding:

The marriage of Miss Irene, second daughter of Mrs. John Sharp, Summerside, P.E.I., to James A. McKinnon, Edmonton, Alta., took place at 7.30 Thursday (June 28th) morning in the Presbyterian Church, the ceremony being performed by Rev. H. J. Fraser. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and roses by girl friends of the bride. On the bride entering the church the edifice was filled with the in-

spiring strains of the wedding march played by Prof. Whitley. The bride was given away by her brother Ludlow, and wore a gown of ivory satin with Duchess lace and a bridal veil of Duchess lace and lily of the valley. Her sister, Miss Marion, acted as bridesmaid. She was attired in pink marquis over pink silk with black picture hat and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groom was supported by his brother Alexander, of Edmonton, and the ushers were the bride's two brothers, Claude and Albert. After the ceremony a dainty wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother. The groom's gift to the bride was a pendant of diamonds and pearls set in platinum; to the bridesmaid and to Miss Jessie Sharp, a cousin of the bride, each a pendant of pearls. To the groomsmen he gave a diamond scarf pin and to the ushers pearl scarf pins. After the breakfast Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon left by the Empress for an extended honeymoon trip to the Pacific coast before returning to Edmonton where they will reside.

Mr. W. E. Lines leaves on Tuesday night on a visit to his home in England. He will be away until sometime in September. Bon voyage!

TOO LATE!

Mr. W. Holt-White's recent book, "The People's King," contains a little story of the late Edward VII of England, with a moral that grandparents might wisely ponder—the remarks of young people may be worth heeding—once in a great while.

At a family luncheon at which three generations of the royal family were present, the king was interrupted in his conversation by a small voice calling insistently:

"Grandpapa! Grandpapa!"
For a time the king devoted himself to his conversation and his salad, regardless of the voice which kept calling, "Grandpapa!" At last, compelled to pay attention to the interruption, the king uttered something about little boys who should be seen and not heard, and the rebuke silenced the prince.

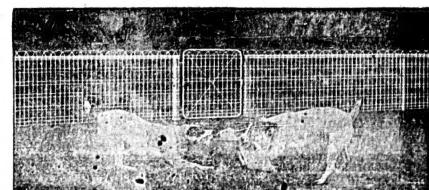
When the meal was over, the king turned to his little grandson, and said:

"Now tell me what you want."

"It is too late now, grandpapa."

"Why is it too late?"

"Because I only wanted to tell you there was a caterpillar on your lettuce."



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Jasper's Note Book

(Continued from page one)

absolutely imperative. In the magazine, London, Dion Clayton Calhoun recounts a series of Coronation curiosities, as he rightly calls them; the precise rules and regulations and colour of dress according to rank and precedence. One of the most curious mentioned is this:

"The Lord Great Chamberlain claims to bring to His Majesty on the day of his Coronation, his shirt, stockings and drawers, and that with the Lord Chamberlain of the Household he may dress His Majesty in all his apparel on that day. And as his fees he claims forty yards of crimson velvet for his robes, together with the bed wherein the King lies the night previous to the Coronation, with all the valances and curtains thereof, and all the cushions and clothes within the chamber together with the furniture of the same, and also the night-robe of the King wherein His Majesty is vested the night previous to his Coronation; and likewise to serve His Majesty with water on that day and have the basins and lowels and the cup of assay for his fee."

What good is accomplished by retaining all this nonsense? A certain amount of pomp and circumstance is all right. But there is a limit, to go beyond which is to expose a solemn ceremonial to ridicule.

Mr. E. B. Osborn, who has written frequently for English publications on Canada, over which he has travelled extensively, and who should accordingly know much better, makes this statement in the London Morning Post:

"In every western town is an element of really dangerous and tough citizens derived from the United States. It is a fact that the dirty work of electioneering in Canada seems to be a perquisite of the low grade American invader."

The folly of such a statement everyone on the ground will admit. There is no doubt that we learned a good deal of crooked election work from our neighbors, but it had become well perfected in our midst long before there was any talk of an American invasion. It must be said that for their number but a very few former American citizens have come to the fore in our public life but those who have are of quite as desirable a class of men as those of any other nationality.

Our old friend Mr. Arthur Hawkes tells in a recent issue of British News in Canada of a conversation which he had with a farmer in a back township in Ontario. He writes:

Well, we reached the station and waited for the train. A genial old soul, fifty years away from Scotland, engaged me in talk; told me many things about the neighborhood. How long had the railway been there, I wanted to know. In seventy-eight or seventy-nine, he wasn't sure, which. I told him it was in seventy-nine.

"You know this locality pretty well, then?" said he.

"Never here before," said I. "How do you come to be so sure about the date, then?" he asked.

"I have been reading it this morning," said I.

"And where did you find anything to read about the building of this railroad?" said he.

"On the railroad," said I.

"You're a queer one," said he.

"Yes," said I. "Look at the rail down there. It says on it 'Sunderland steel, 1879.'"

"Gosh," said he. "I've been coming to this station ever since it was opened; and I never saw that before."

"Well," said I, "that's a good text for your next political meeting. You can't read 'Sunderland steel' now on any of the rails that are being put down in Canada. We make our own. Land's worth more on that account."

Mr. Hawkes is usually in the habit of carrying an argument to a

better conclusion than this. How can the action of the Canadian government in paying the manufacturers of rails something like twenty million dollars of the Canadian taxpayer's money in bounties on their products have possibly raised the price of land? It is true that it has had the effect of keeping out the rails of other countries. The Sunderland and other English manufacturers have no longer a market here and trade relations with the Mother Land that Mr. Hawkes is so concerned about have accordingly suffered. But how has this hothouse method of stimulating production helped the farmer who has to sell his products in the free markets of the world?

Mr. Debois Thibaudeau, census commissioner for the Edmonton district, has issued a letter to the press requesting the immediate co-operation of all citizens in the work of completing the census. Any who have not yet been counted are asked to forward their names immediately. As the prestige of the city and province, and the extent of their representation in parliament depends on having the enumeration a thorough one, it is an obvious public duty which each should feel bound to discharge in this matter.

SAVING A TITLARK

A shepherd of the English downs, who had a curiously tender feeling for the little wild birds, told to Mr. W. H. Hudson an amusing incident of his boyhood, which Mr. Hudson records in "A Shepherd's Life." He was out on the downs one summer day in charge of his father's flock when two boys of the village, on a ramble in the hills, came and sat down on the turf at his side. One of them had a titlark, or meadow-pipit, which he had just caught, in his hand, and there was a hot argument as to which of the two was the lawful owner of the poor little captive.

The facts were as follows: One of the boys, having found the nest, became possessed with the desire to get the bird. His companion at once offered to catch it for him, and together they withdrew to a distance, and sat down and waited until the bird returned to sit on the eggs. Then the young bird-catcher returned to the spot, and creeping quietly up to within five or six feet of the nest, threw his hat so that it fell over the sitting titlark; but having thus secured it, he refused to give it up.

The dispute waxed hotter as they sat there, and at last, when it got to the point of threats of cuffs on the ear and slaps on the face, they agreed to fight it out, the victor to have the titlark. The bird was then put under a hat for safety on the smooth turf a few feet away, and the boys proceeded to take off their jackets and roll up their shirt-sleeves, after which they faced one another, and where just about to begin when Caleb, thrusting out his crook, turned the hat over, and away flew the bird.

The boys, deprived of their bird and of an excuse for a fight, would gladly have discharged their fury on Caleb, but they durst not, seeing that his dog was lying at his side; they could only threaten and abuse him, call him bad names, and finally put on their coats and walk off.

"Henrietta is not quite as uncompromising as she used to be," said Mr. Meekton.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. She told me yesterday that she was in favor of votes for men."

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